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# What Shall We Do With the Moros

*By*

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A QUARTERLY

# FOREWORD

There are two reasons for reading this article; at least two.

First: It deals with the Philippines. America's responsibility for the Philippines is freshly and emphatically recognized by the appointment of General Leonard Wood as Director General of these islands, and by his self-sacrificing acceptance of the post. We have an obligation to this land and people that fell into our hands so surprisingly; a land and a people we cannot cast off and must not neglect.

Second: It deals with a Moslem population in the Philippines. And the Moslem problem is of foremost concern in securing world peace as well as world evangelization. Think of Turkey; of India; of North Africa! It means everything to find a doorway into the Moslem world.

A third reason why one should read this article is because it is so interesting, so stirring.

W. E. S.

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# What Shall We Do With the Moros?

By Rev. Frank C. Laubach, Ph.D.
Cagayan, Mindanao, P. I.

Imagine a globe. Paint on it an imaginary American flag; make it reach half way around the world from the tip of Maine at one end to the furthest island of the Philippines at the other. Now turn the imaginary globe over, and on the other side paint a huge green stocking covering all northern Africa and Southern Asia. This green stocking represents the territory covered by Mohammedanism. The heel of that green stocking ends in Mindanao, the southernmost island of the Philippines, and there the tip of the American flag flies over the heel of Islam. In the heel, under our flag, live a half million "Moros."

The Moros do not suspect it, and few Americans suspect it, but the fact is that we *may,* if we will, make them as important, in many respects, as any half million people in the whole globe. They are the raw material (with all the stress you please upon "raw"), and they have the strategic position for just that.

They hold the key to Mohammedanism,—if there is any key.

We in America sometimes forget that that great, green Moslem stocking always was and still is the deadliest foe and the keenest rival of Christianity. The trouble is that both Mohammedanism and Christianity want to conquer the world. They have tried to destroy each other and to convert each other, but neither of them have ever made great inroads on the other.

In the conversion line we may as well be honest and confess that the Mohammedans have made more converts

"Moros are men — They know a man when they see one"

of us Christians than we have made Christians out of them to date. They have an advantage over us in their harems. All they have to do, when they invade a new territory, is to kill the men and carry the women and children off to their harems and keep them there until they lose their identity and are absorbed into the religion and social system of Islam. That is what Turkey is doing with Armenia.

## Some Fearful Scares

And they have given us some fearful scares in certain periods. For example in 732 A. D. they came so close to destroying Christian civilization that one gasps to imagine what might have been if one battle had gone the other way. They had swept across Northern Africa, crossed Gibralter, overwhelmed Spain and begun their march through France. There they were met by the united armies of a terrified Europe, fighting with their backs against the wall. It is easy to prove that the most important battle that ever happened. If the Moslems had won, England might today be another Turkey, France another Persia, and probably America would not yet be discovered. But happily the battle of Tours was won by Christendom, and the green stocking never extended above Spain. Slowly, century after century the Moros, as the Spaniards called the Moslems, were pushed southward. On the very year that Columbus discovered America the last of the Moors were defeated in the battle of Granada and driven out of Spain.

In the eleventh century the moral indignation of Europe worked itself into a white heat. Armies sprang up in every country, and marched, more or less loosely organized, to save the Holy Land from its unholy captors. Jerusalem was taken in the first Crusade, and held for ninety years. Then the Mohammedans, in a countercrusade (which they called a "Jehad") recaptured Jerusa-

lem and finally pushed across into what is now European Turkey.

When that happened the old routes to the silks, satins, spices and coffees of the East Indies were cut completely off.

That is why Columbus tried to go around the world the other way, not suspecting that a whole continent lay between him and Asia. Magellan crept down around the lower end of America and went across an ocean ten thousand miles wide in sail boats. Month after month those sailors sailed on and on and on — and one of the few things they had to congratulate themselves about was that the farther they sailed the farther they were getting away from the feared and hated Moslems, who had just been chased out of Spain. One can imagine them talking as they paced the hot decks:

"Whatever dangers may lie ahead, at least we are safe from the Moors."

## The Terror of the Philippines

At last they reached the Philippine Islands, gave thanks to almighty God for having shown them the way to the fabulous riches of the Far East, began to explore — and found the Moslems, coming around the world the other way! In all the annals of disappointed hopes there are few more tragic tales than this. Fortunes risked, months of preparation, months of hardship, of bitter cold, fierce storms, torrid heat, deadly fever, unknown dangers, everything risked to save themselves and Europe from the scourge of the Moros. Then at the moment of success, when the East Indies had been discovered, the world circled, Europe saved, when their hearts overflowed with thanksgiving — when they thought themselves twenty thousand miles from the Moslems, suddenly they ran into them again, fiercer here, more deadly, more formidable, than ever. They must have felt sick and stunned.

Fortunately the Moros (as the Spaniards called them)

had been in the Philippines only a few years and had occupied principally the extreme southern part of the Islands. Fortunately too, they had a habit of fighting one another when they had nobody else to fight, and had kept their own numbers down by war.

Experience had shown that the only thing to do with Moors was to exterminate them, and this the Spaniards proceeded to do as soon as they felt strong enough. They equipped a fleet and sailed to Mindanao. The extermination went the way the Spaniards had not intended, for scarcely a Spaniard escaped to tell what happened to their fleet.

That ill fated expedition had stirred up a hornets' nest. The Moros stopped fighting one another and organized a fleet to wreak vengeance on the Spaniards for having come down and gotten annihilated. When the southwest monsoon began to blow, that fleet of death sailed north. Little they cared who were their victims. At every village they reached they captured the men, Filipinos or Spaniards, set them to work cutting their ripened crops and made them pile the threshed rice and corn into the Moro boats. Then by way of reward they cut off the heads of the men and carried off the good looking women for their harems and the strong children for slaves.

The Moros had made a great discovery. Vengeance proved profitable and exciting. So when the next monsoon blew north they repeated the escapade of the previous year. The Moro guns proved superior to the guns of the Spaniards during the first two centuries of their conflict. Had they deliberately planned to wipe out the invaders they could have done so, but the Moros had plenty of room and they looked upon the Philippine Islands as an English gentleman does upon his poaching ground. The Islands made fine sport and added immensely to the joy of living, so they were left unmolested excepting during hunting season, which was while the southwest monsoon was blowing.

The Filipinos came to expect this scourge as a regular part of their yearly life. Watch towers were built, where vigilant eyes waited night and day during all the dangerous season, ready to sound the alarm that the Moros were coming, so that the inhabitants might flee to the hills and save their lives and as much of their possessions as they could carry with them. Forts were built in some of the larger places and stocked with food to endure a seige. Manila had a wall around the entire city.

In the nineteenth century the Spaniards, in common with all Europe, so improved their weapons that they were able to make inroads into the Moro territory and to establish a few military outposts among them. But to all intents and purposes, the Moros remained free from all real control by Spain.

### America Arrives on the Scene

Then America arrived and the Moros met their masters. The reputation of the Moros had gone before them, and the Americans never made the mistake of underestimating them as the Spaniards had done. The mistakes that were made were not the result of unpreparedness. The War Department, realizing that here was the most delicate and difficult region within the boundaries of America, sent some great men to deal with the situation — and several were made great by the experience. Pershing, Leonard Wood, Bullard, Davis, Baldwin, Sumner, these and others only less well known, were not only soldiers but statesmen.

Unlike the Spaniards these American generals had no desire to destroy the Moros. They did not even try to convert them. All they asked was peace and obedience. They never attacked first, but when the Moros attacked, the recoil was quick and terrible. The Moros fought with the same amazing carelessness of life they had always shown. But it began to dawn upon them that they always lost, that nothing happened unless they began the

trouble; and that they did the Americans little harm, while they themselves took all the punishment. They began to feel as foolish as a man who bumps his nose against a stone wall. They were brave, but that kind of folly was not bravery. A Moro is perfectly willing to die killing Christians — if he kills any. But he sees little glory in trying to kill them and failing.

An astonished admiration began to steal into the souls of the Moros for these new soldiers. Here surely was a

An American-Filipino Trade School

This picture shows a part of the work shop of a Trade School organized by General Pershing, when he was Governor of the Moro Province. The school was organized to teach boys from the wild tribes different trades and agriculture. Carpentry, blacksmithing, rattan work, agriculture and regular school work are taught these mountain boys. The school we believe to be one of the finest bits of work done either by government or mission force. Some fifty boys, a few from each tribe, were there in training, free of expense to pupil at the time this picture was taken.

new, strange species. The Moros could not understand them, yet all the while the American leaders seemed to read the Moros like a book.

General Wood made a scientific study of the psychology of the Moros. He bought all the books on Mohammedanism, the Moros and the Orient that he thought had any value. He had a room full of them. When a friend asked him when he ever expected to read them all, he replied,

"I have read them."

That did not satisfy Wood. Instead of going directly to Moroland he spent several months in Borneo, Sumatra, Singapore and Java, learning all he could from the Dutch and English rulers and from the natives about the prejudices and habits of the Malay Moslems. When he did reach the Moros he knew exactly what he meant to do. He knew how to reach their hearts and win their loyalty. Every subordinate was selected with the utmost care, and given careful instructions. The entire force knew that they were on their good behavior.

Those Moros with all their bloody characteristics are men. They worship physical power, but even more they worship mental astuteness. They know a man when they see him, and seeing men in Wood and his staff, they loved them — if the Moros ever loved anybody.

## General Wood and "Rajah Mudah"

When Wood first landed in Jolo the Sultan was absent in Borneo, but "Rajah Mudah" was acting as Sultan in his place. General Wood sent the Rajah a cordial invitation to come and visit him. The Rajah replied that he was ill. Wood sent a company of soldiers to inquire after the Rajah's health. They stood at attention in front of the house while the Captain sent the Rajah word that he hoped he had recovered sufficiently to go with them to see the General. Seeing the soldiers, the Rajah made a very rapid recovery and went with the company. Upon his

arrival, Wood conducted him about the camp, pointing out the size and discipline of the American soldiers. Then he inquired whether it would not be interesting to see a machine gun work. After the machine gun had mowed down a few trees, the Rajah became enthusiastically friendly.

Similar treatment worked among the other chieftains until they were requested to free their slaves. Then they all threatened civil war, even in the face of those machine guns.

Datu Ali, the greatest of the Jolo Datos, shut himself and his warriors up in his bamboo fort.

Bamboo forts are more formidable than they sound. For some six feet above the ground they are a tightly woven mass of roots and mud, six or more feet in thickness, and above this the great bamboos rise to a height of thirty or more feet, almost as thick as they will grow and covered with thorns. Such a fort is simply impregnable by direct infantry or cavalry attack. With modern field guns it is quite another matter.

Wood, always sparing of lives, was profligate with ammunition. He simply smothered this Moro fort with artillery fire. The Datu Ali was killed and with him all the warriors who did not turn and flee.

The last and most difficult of all the tribes in Moroland were the Taraccas, at Lake Lanao. They are twenty-five miles from the shore and had to be reached by a dangerous mountain road. Unable to withstand the superior guns of the American troops they at last retreated into an extinct volcano. Wood did not have guns big enough to blow a crater to pieces. This time it was necessary to make a direct attack with all the loss of life that would mean. The attack was made and the Taraccas were defeated only after one of the costliest battles in all the Philippines. The last and strongest retreat of the Moros had now fallen and the back-bone of their resistance was broken.

Now came the enormous task of bringing order out of a land as near anarchy as any place on earth. It is more accurate to call it feudalism than anarchy — with the emphasis on *feud*. Captain Bullard has written a delightful account of his experiences at Lake Lanao in the early days. The Lake is about twenty-five miles in length, apparently occupying the crater of an enormous extinct volcano. Around its shores are about ninety thousand Moros divided into "an infinity of little tribelets," each ruled, at least more or less ruled, by small chieftains having pompous titles like Sultan or Rajah, yet no more power than their personal prowess could command. Under these in rank but not in obedience are countless lesser *datos*, with their "sakops" or vassals, who are really servants.

When Americans arrived they found these tribes in a state of continual warfare and private quarrelling. There were no courts, so that each family had to square its accounts with every other by direct action. The atmosphere was tense with apprehension. Men never thought of eating, working or sleeping without their arms. Wives or children who ventured out of sight without a guard were likely to be stolen and run off into slavery. They would be sold from hand to hand and soon lost beyond all power of retracing. Life in Moroland in those days was not good for weak nerves.

It happened that a scourge of cholera broke out about the same time that the Americans arrived, and the Moros thought the soldiers had brought the disease with them. They reasoned that the way to be rid of the cholera was to kill the soldiers. They laid in ambush and picked off every small group of Americans who ventured out of the camp.

One old Moro named Alandug who lived on the coast and had seen more of civilization than the others kept visiting the camp and talking with Captain Bullard.

Noticing that the Americans were not dying of cholera, he inquired the reason. Bullard took him out to see the men boiling water before drinking it, and told the Moro that the fire chased the cholera out of the water.

The Moros are very skeptical men, and cross question one about almost everything, but to Bullard's surprise this old Moro believed the story about the fire at once, and began to spread among other Moros the information that the Americans have good Mohammedan doctrines, for they drive devils out of water with fire. In a short time the Moros began to come from every direction with all sorts of ailments and medicine, particularly quinine, became one of Bullard's chief allies.

## Ruling by Work Rather Than Fear

Knowing well that "Moros could be managed in only one of two ways — by putting them to work and keeping them at work, or by putting them in fear and keeping them in fear," Bullard set them to work building a road to the interior, paying what to them seemed enormous wages. Here again is seen the difference between American and Spanish strategy, for the Spanish soldiers would have made the Moros work for nothing. Old Alandug came first "with a handful of ugly fellows whom we treated like kings and handled like infernal machines ready to go off at any time." Charmed by the money they received they came in ever increasing numbers,—"armed, always armed, stuck all over with daggers and krises." Even bitter enemies, who, if they had met anywhere else, would have fought to the death, buried their deadly hatred for the time in their love of gold and copper and silver, and worked side by side on the road. A new force, the love of money, was at work among the Moros, and far from being "a root of all kinds of evil" it worked for peace and progress.

Bullard had become their doctor and their employer. Now he tackled their religion. He crammed late into the

night until he could talk fluently about the Koran and the following day amazed the priests who came to visit him, with his show of knowledge of their sacred book. They themselves knew precious little and pretended to know everything. In the presence of this wizard from America who told them things about the Koran they never knew, they grew more and more reverent. On the point where the Spaniards had had most trouble, their religion, the American governor had none whatever.

The most reverend Pandita of them all, a shrewd old man, came to visit the governor and was treated with such extreme dignity, that he came again and talked about the Koran to his heart's content. Moreover, he was consulted about matters pertaining to the government and thanked for his great wisdom. This old priest arose in a grand assembly and solemnly announced that it was the will of Allah ta Allah that the Americans should rule over the Moro people and tax them to the fifth of all their goods! Taxes to foreigners! This was a sign of slavery, and never before had Moros paid a *centavo* to anybody. The triumph of American diplomacy was complete.

## Giving Value to Life

A Christian considers life, his own and all others, as of infinite worth. "What shall a man give in exchange for his life?" Many people in Christian lands seem to care little for other people's lives, but they usually show much concern about their own.

But among the Moros all life was held cheaply, one's own as well as the lives of others.

A Moro who was tired of life and who wanted to take the shortest road to the seventh heaven, could run *amock* or "juramentado" as the Spaniards called it. He would bathe in a sacred spring, shave off his eyebrows, dress in white, and present himself before a pandita, to whom he would make a solemn oath to die fighting the enemies of the faithful. Hiding a *kris* or other weapon about his

person, he would go to the nearest Christian town, and as soon as he had gained admission would snatch his weapon from its concealment and proceed to kill every person in sight, until he was killed himself. The number of lives taken by a Moro under this grim oath was sometimes incredible. Simply injuring the fanatic could not stop him, for he would fight so long as there was life in him. If bayonetted he would often seize the barrel of the rifle and push the bayonet farther into himself in an effort to bring the soldier at the other end of the gun near enough to cut him down with his *barong*. At last the Moro perished. Then the news was carried to his rejoicing relatives who held a celebration. Just as night was coming on they always declared they saw their hero riding on a white horse, bound for the abode of the blessed.

People who esteem life as cheaply as that are not to be trusted with guns. Depriving them of their fire arms proved one of the most delicate tasks the American government undertook. Nobody felt safe unarmed, so long as his neighbor had weapons. When we consider that the Moros prized their guns above all their other possessions, we realize how hard they clung to them. Step by step that task has been accomplished.

Moros have been enlisted as members of the American army and make wonderful soldiers. When outlaws are lurking in the mountains it is they who can find them most quickly. The only trouble with Moro soldiers is that they become restive when there is no excitement for a long while, and sometimes run off to the mountains with their guns just to give themselves and their neighbors relief from monotony.

Disarming the Moros is not enough. As Bullard early discovered, they must be set to work and kept at work. They must be given something else to take the place of the blood lust that flows in their veins. It was an advance to teach them to accumulate money, but that was not enough.

The governors of the Moros have been racking their brains to invent new activities for the superabundant energy of these virile people.

### The Ministry of Beauty

Governor Carpenter, just resigned, is generally conceded to have been the most fertile in original ideas. He secured a landscape gardener from Washington city, and set him to work beautifying the capital city of the Moros, Zamboanga. The gardener was given plenty of money and told to work a miracle.

Beautiful little parks began to appear like magic. Fountains and charming waterfalls and glorious flower gardens began to attract the admiration of the Moros. Numerous canals that had once been ugly mud holes, began to shimmer with exquisite water lilies. Nature had done things like this, for Mindanao is fertile and has a perfect climate, but that human beings could achieve such wonders was a new idea in Moroland. It became the gossip of the entire province.

Then there arose splendid concrete buildings. They were not ugly blocks such as we have in our cities, but were designed, by architects who were told to put art into their designs. There crept out into the bay a great beautiful pier brilliantly lighted by dozens of gilded electric lamps.

When the fascinated Moros inquired what all this was for, the only reply they got was,

"You ought to see Washington, the capital of the United States!"

In the last five years Zamboanga has become the most beautiful city of its size in the entire Orient. This same landscape genius went to the other cities and towns of the Moro Province, establishing a beautiful little park in the center of each.

The only school the Moros know anything about is experience and observation, but they learn in that school

very quickly. The result of this demonstration in beauty was that presently one of the dirtiest peoples you could find anywhere was hard at work planting flowers! And trying their hand at making rustic paths and fountains.

They had gotten hold of a new idea. If they had not yet been converted to godliness, they were at least converted to cleanliness. They had something to do to take the place of killing one another.

Then Governor Carpenter scoured the world for new

STARTING FOR THE MORO FARM SCHOOL

The Lake Lanao launch at the dock at Lumbaton, where the government has a farm school for Moro boys. We made the trip as guests of Governor Coverton's wife. We were gone all day and made a circuit of about sixty miles. Some lake, eh? Moro population around the lake estimated at from 60,000 to 80,000.

ideas in agriculture and industry. Plots of ground were selected where the Moros could not help seeing what was going on, and here commercial plants of all kinds were raised. When a plant proved adaptable to Mindanao it was raised in quantity and distributed free of charge, and a man went along with the Moros to show them how to

plant and care for the new crop.

A weed was found in the mountains which was cultivated and proved high in food value, and which now bids fair to become the wheat of the Philippines. Our American wheat will not grow in the Philippines.

Coffee, tea, rubber, tree cotton *(kapok)* and many other articles of great commercial value are becoming common all over Moroland. One cannot pass through that country without feeling the keenest enthusiasm. With rich soil, abundant rainfall, wonderful climate, virile, teachable, hard-working people, there are all the elements necessary for a Paradise.

The government has opened up markets in Manila and elsewhere for the products of the Moros, so that no crop need go to waste. During the past four or five years the Moros of the Lanao region have been as prosperous as any people in the Philippines, and some of them have been buying automobiles. It is a queer sight when an auto truck is filled with a Moro chieftain, all his wives, children and movable property, and a mighty significant sight. In all the world there probably has never been such a wide and rapid leap from one civilization to another as these Moros are experiencing — and they LIKE it.

It is not exactly a Paradise just yet, and there are not a few serious hindrances to rapid progress. For example, the Mohammedan religion forbids borrowing money, making the credit system upon which modern business rests, an impossibility among the Moros. Everything must be done on a strictly cash basis.

Then countless disputes arise, and the instinct of the Moros is to resort to direct action, as they have always been accustomed to doing.

### Not a Prison But a Farm

Where lawlessness has always been an everyday matter, it is unjust to deal out as severe punishment to those who are caught as we do in America. At least that was the

theory the officials in Moroland have worked on. They have been greatly influenced by the modern idea of penology. So if you wish to see a thoroughly modern prison in actual operation, you can find it among the Moros. San Ramon penitentiary is not a prison at all but a big beautiful farm along the sea. It rivals Zamboanga itself for charm. To the Moros it is like sending a man to heaven for being wicked, for it is by all odds the most lovely and lovable spot they ever lived in, or, at least in this generation, will live in. San Ramon has but one object, to cure the patient. The Moro who steals or murders is all too obviously the victim of a past bad system, and needs to get a new idea. He would never get it behind prison walls. He does get it on San Ramon Farm.

Here the prisoners work, but not harder than they did before. They have plenty of good food and grow fat and happy. Prisoners weep when they must leave that Eden and go back to the lean, wicked world.

San Ramon boasts of the finest record of cured inmates of any prison in the world. You might suppose they commit other crimes in order to get back. They would if they had not received a new idea, but they do get that idea.

One reason for the fine record of San Ramon is, of course, that it gets fine material to work with. The prisoners sent there are not simply abnormal, morally defective, degenerate men, like such a large proportion of our criminals, but simply men who have not had a chance to catch up with the new age, an age of law instead of family feuds. San Ramon helps them to catch up.

Three years ago I dare say there was not a man in Lanao who was not scared; the news sped over the Province that the brother-in-law of the greatest Dato on the Lake had been murdered. The murdered man was a Mohammedan priest in addition. Here was a test of the new order! Could it hold out against such an out-

rage! Twenty years ago, fifteen years ago, all Lanao would have flowed with the blood of warring Moros.

It was of no consequence that the Priest had been killed by a watchman, while robbing a store. It was the dignity of the murdered man that made the crime so heinous.

The next day hundreds of Moros were seen marching to their rendezvous for a war council. Quick action by Governor Coverston alone averted a catastrophe. He went to Ami Montabelin, the bereaved and enraged brother-in-law, and told him that the night watchman would be punished without delay by the majesty of the law. The watchman was arrested and put in jail and the judge was wired to make a special trip to Lanao. The atmosphere was too tense to allow the watchman to remain in this vicinity very long. When the judge came, the Governor told him the situation and said he hoped for the sake of peace that the man would be convicted. The watchman was found guilty of manslaughter in the second degree,— and sentenced to the paradise, San Ramon, for eight years. The honor of Ami Montabilin was avenged, and peace reigned once more over Lanao.

Such thin ice must governors and judges skate over at every turn in making "mercy season justice."

## Mohammedan Schools with American Teachers

The most wonderful tale in Mindanao has been saved for the last. It is just this — that for the first time in all the history of the green stocking, a Mohammedan nation is going to school to Christian teachers. That is marvelous enough, but there is something still more marvelous — they are sending GIRLS to school.

To appreciate that miracle one must know that women among Mohammedans are slaves. It is contrary to all Moslem custom for them to be educated. As an Indian Moslem visiting the Moros explained, "The place of woman is to be subservient to man, and if she becomes a little

educated she talks back, and you cannot keep her in her place. No, it will never do to educate women."

But the Moros are educating their girls, Moslem custom or no Moslem custom. As these young people, boys and girls, get modern ideas they begin to lose faith in the civilization and the religion which kept them in war, poverty and injustice. The new generation is open to a new religion as well as a new civilization.

The Sultan of Sulu is the religious leader of all the Moros. His daughter is now in the United States, studying, with the daughter of Aguinaldo, and is seriously weighing the question whether she dare become a Christian and go back to her father.

Moreover, a considerable number of young Moro men have become Christians. One of them has been ordained as a Christian missionary to his own people and has a strong following in Siasi. This remarkable young man, Mateas Quadra by name, is a born leader with all the pent up passion of his race, now turned toward "a burning desire to serve my people," as he writes.

All who know the Moros, their wonderful progress in the past twenty years, their intense admiration for Americans, believe that here as never before in the history of Mohammedanism is a people ready to be Christianized. The government has done more than half of it already. It will not be easy or simple, but it is not at all impossible. There are in America strong men and women who could be worthy successors of the great administrators we have had in Mindanao, who could command the admiration of the Moros and could lead them to Christ.

## Christianizing the Moros

This is not a task for either timid souls or snobs. Men of great human love and of dauntless courage, men who have no race prejudice, but can see the manhood in the Moros and bring it to the surface, real men who draw other men to themselves, have got to do this task. Men

of the calibre needed are rare but we have many of them in America.

Bishop Brent, while he was in the Philippines, became so enthusiastic about the Moros, that three society women of large means, infected by his zeal, went to Jolo and did remarkable deeds of mercy for nearly a year. The best known of these is Mrs. Lorillard Spencer. "The world can never know," says Bishop Brent, "the purity of motive and spaciousness of vision that actuated and sustained the three ladies who volunteered to spend a year of work in Christ's name in Jolo amid conditions that defied the centuries and discouraged the bravest. They have won a name and place among the Moros of the Island of Jolo that no Christians in history, men or women, have ever held. Our little band of women have created an opportunity for permanent work, which but for them, would have been many years in coming."

The Christianization of the Moros is a case of now or never. If the American flag withdraws and the roots of Christianity have not sunk deep under the guidance of American missionaries, there will be no later chance. For the Moros, like all Mohammedans, are fatalists. "It is the will of Allah that they should listen to Americans" while America has control over them. When the Philippines become independent it will be another story.

Whatever we may think about missions in general, we have reason to be interested in this enterprise just as American citizens, who want to see the Philippines make a great success of their experience in democracy. We do not want them to have rebellions on their hands.

But a Mohammedan people in the Southern Islands will jeopardize the peace of the Philippines. They say very frankly that they will recommence their long delayed conquest of the Philippines, and unless they change their religious ideas they certainly will try it.

We have not done our duty by the Filipino people un-

til we have Christianized the Moros. This is not a sentimental or a denominational question in any sense. It is practical American sense, and should enlist the hearty sympathy of every American, Catholic, Protestant or Jewish.

We have seen enough of them Christianized to know the mighty zeal they have. It is perfectly evident that a Christianized Moro nation would turn down upon the fifty millions of Mohammedans to the south of them in Borneo, Java, Sumatra and the Straits, and begin to storm those Islands for Christianity.

The experience of a century ought to have taught us that no white man or thousand white men are going to convert Mohammedans. We do not know the Oriental mind well enough.

If we want to make inroads in that great green stocking, our strategy is to get Oriental Mohammedans themselves to do it.

For centuries the Moros have been the most formidable people of their numbers in the Far East. They are the choicest people we could have found to begin to unravel Mohammedanism at the heel.

They will go among their backward kinsmen of the Malay Islands. They will say:

"Once we were backward, stagnant, afraid, hungry, like yourselves. Now we are educated, progressive, prosperous, peaceful, happy. The Philippines are the proof of what Christianity can do for Mohammedans."

The ancient pirates of the Far East will become the key to the Moslem problem. It is in their blood to do it and they will.

No such opportunity as that has confronted Christianity for the last fourteen hundred years of Christian-Moslem conflict.

# The Thrilling Tale of the Philippines

## AN ILLUSTRATED LECTURE

By Rev. Frank C. Laubach, Ph.D., *Missionary*

This lecture puts in popular form a message that has stirred the country from coast to coast. It begins with official America's gratifying but unfinished service in behalf of the Philippines, and ends with suggestions as to how Christian America can help make the Islands a "Beacon of Hope" to the rest of Asia. Naturally it gets its illustrations from Mindanao, the Board's "responsibility" in the archipelago. It shows an intimacy with the life and problems of the pagan Highlander and Mohammedan Moro, as well as of the "Christian" Filipino. It describes the best working methods of the missionary, and stimulates a particular interest in mission work for the Mohammedan Moro.

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